Home Mission Echoes

"The Country for which I lifted up mine hand to give to your fathers"

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Vol. XI AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER, 1908 No. 8

"WHERE GLORY FALLS," LAKE CHAMPLAIN

Photo by Stewart R. Samson

510 Tremont Temple
Boston

HOME MISSION ECHOES

This paper is published monthly under the auspices jointly of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, and the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, and represents in a concise manner the interests of both organizations. It aims to make an interesting and instructive Home Mission periodical, attractive in its mechanical features and illustrations. MRS. N. N. BISHOP is the General Editor, and will have entire charge of the Woman's department. REV. HOWARD B. GROSE, D.D., has charge of the Home Mission Society's Department. All correspondence pertaining to the editorial department of the paper should be sent to MRS. N. N. BISHOP, 510 Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass.

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The Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society

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Is there any misunderstanding in your mind in regard to the Cuban Stamp Plan?

Briefly, this is the new plan for special gifts.

We hope it will be especially attractive, and will be pushed with vigor.

The money thus raised as extra offerings will be applied to work in Cuba and in Porto Rico.

Will not every president see that she is supplied with a number of sheets with which to begin the work in the autumn? Every woman in every Circle will want to invest this amount (50 cents) as a special offering for the privilege of coöperation in the evangelization of the Antilles.

The new Study-Book, "The Call of the Waters," by Katharine R. Crowell, is now ready, and can be ordered from Mrs. James McWhinnie (510 Tremont Temple, Boston). Price, 30 cents.

Fleming H. Revell Co., 158 Fifth Avenue, New York, publishers.

Several times recently word has come, "Please change my address to ——" (here the new street and number were given). No city or town was named. With a mailing list of nearly 11,000, it is a bit difficult to find this particular subscription, therefore if the one who made the request, notices that it has not been complied with, she will know the reason.

Home Mission Echoes

"Our Echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever."—*Tennyson.*

Vol. XI. AUGUST-SEPTEMBER, 1908 No. 8

Editorial

ONE of our leading preachers said recently, "People are more concerned with *things* than with *thoughts*. In the Bethany home Mary held the higher place. She was occupied with *thoughts*, Martha cared for *things*."

In the life of the ordinary woman of today there seems to be all too little time for *thoughts*, in the apparent necessity for looking after *things*.

The vacation period, which has now assumed an acknowledged economic value, should bring to those who, through the year, have so many duties devolving upon them, the time for thoughts, which every life must have if it is to grow and bring forth fruit.

In the life of Jesus and the apostles the time came when they had no leisure, so much as to eat, and then Jesus said to them, "Come ye apart for a while," and they departed into a desert place.

Even in their retirement, however, the multitude followed them, and the necessity for service forced itself upon them afresh.

There is no place so far removed from the haunts of men that we may not find in such place, even though the multitude may not follow *us*, some service toward our fellow men, and for Him who taught us, with the command to love our neighbor as ourself, who that neighbor is.

In this, our time of resting, therefore, let us have some measure of the compassion of our Lord, when He looked upon the multitude, and, while we may change the form of our daily occupation for a time, let us continue our zeal in His service by even more earnest prayer, and by such thought as shall fit us the better for that which shall be a joyous service when we return to our accustomed place of labor in the vineyard.

The Twelve went apart *with* Jesus, and is it not true that our vacation *does* afford an unusual opportunity for communion with the Lord of our lives? If we could but get this conception of our vacation, and use it for renewing our spiritual as well as our physical life, would not His kingdom come and His will be done more speedily in this earth, as it is done in heaven?

"Rest is not quitting
This busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to one's sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion,
Clear without strife,
Fleeing to the ocean
After its life.

'Tis loving and serving
The highest and best;
'Tis onward, unswerving;
And this is true rest."

We extend to the readers of the ECHOES the very heartiest wishes for a summer of "true rest," and are assured that they will in no wise forget to call frequently upon the Lord of the harvest to bless the seed that has been so faithfully sown through the year, and to give to the laborers, whether their responsibility be on the field or in the watchtower, or at the gate, the blessing of the rest from the heat and burden of the day, for the short time, and that He who looketh over the whole field may supply for the service more laborers, that the precious sheaves may be gathered for His garner, and none be lost.

A VERY pleasant occasion was the Third Annual Reception to the Precious Jewel Band, by the Ladies' Home Mission Society of the State Street Baptist Church in Springfield, Mass., June 16. The place chosen was the beautiful Forest Park, and a very happy time was enjoyed by the mothers and the little ones. Financially, as well as in other ways, this band is a great success, and we are sure that future missionary workers are being trained for service by these sisters in Springfield. Are we giving the time and attention to these little ones in our homes and churches that they certainly deserve?

There have been many names added, this year, to the roll of Precious Jewels; but we are sure there are still many babies in the Baptist homes of New England who are not numbered with them.

The Editor hopes to have a picture of every Precious Jewel whose name has been added this year, so that she may give the readers an idea of the addition to our Baptist forces in this department.

All hail! these dear little ones! May they come to know that true living is serving, and as they have thus early been identified with our Society, whose motto is, "For ye serve the Lord Christ," may "the same mind be in them which was also in Christ Jesus."

Vacation Letters

From Hartshorn

AT this date of writing the teachers from the southern schools are thankful for a chance to leave the grind, and get some full nights of sleep before planning more work. By the time the August ECHOES is in print they will be looking forward to another year of work, and will be hoping that the readers of HOME MISSION ECHOES are interested in their plans.

Last year was the twenty-fifth in the life of Hartshorn Memorial College. The opening of the fall term was delayed a week, because the new part of the dining-room was not ready for use. Until Thanksgiving the gymnasium was used as the assembly-room. The last of November the enlarged chapel was ready for use. Relief from uncomfortable crowding in dining-room and schoolroom quite atoned for the constant hammering in the adjoining new dormitory which accompanied the whole school year.

The new dormitory contains, besides sleeping-rooms for students, a large room for a library and several recitation-rooms. The new part of the chapel is conveniently connected by a corridor with the new dormitory, and by a bridge with the gymnasium. The close of the school year found the new dormitory complete, with some very important exceptions. There is a room in the basement designed for a furnace, but there is no furnace, and there are no radiators and no money to provide the heating plant. The temperature is liable to drop to zero in the winter in Richmond. The plumbing is not done. The water tank in the adjoining main building is supplied with water from a fine spring on our grounds by a gasoline engine. This tank is taxed to its utmost already. Provision has been made by friends for furnishing a very few of the students' rooms. When the cheapest possible wardrobes have been built into these rooms, the money now on hand will be nearly exhausted. Who will equip the library? Who will help pay for a furnace and radiators?

One of the red-letter days of the year was the day of prayer for colleges, when several day pupils and all the boarders, who were not already professing Christians, gave themselves to the Master.

The last three evenings of the term were of especial interest. Tuesday twenty girls graduated from the normal course. Wednesday two graduated from the college preparatory and two from the college course. We believe that these two college graduates have had as thorough training as they would have had in a New England college.

The last day was alumnæ and dedication day. At the alumnæ supper the dining-room was well filled with the alumnæ and their guests. The food, with the exception of the ice cream, was prepared in our own industrial kitchen, under the efficient management of Miss Clark, and the guests were served by students. At night the usual address before the alumnæ gave place to dedicatory exercises. Dr. H. M. King of Providence, R.I., represented the trustees in a polished address on "Education for Character." Dr. Boatwright, the president of Richmond College, for white young men, also a trustee of Hartshorn College, gave the audience a masterly summons to aspire to the highest ideals. Rev. F. H. Divine represented the Home Mission Society in an inspiring address on the "Power of Christian Womanhood." Dr. Walter Brooks of Washington, and Dr. Moss of Norfolk, represented the interests of the colored people in eloquent words. Dr. Brooks offered the dedicatory prayer.

Now the building has been dedicated. It is built of brick, the walls are plastered, the basement floored with cement, the other floors and woodwork complete; space for a furnace, but no furnace; no pipes for water or drainage; the furnishing of not more than half a dozen rooms provided.

Our meditations this summer include a strong hope that our friends will come to our help and enable us to complete this new building, Library Hall, by making heat and plumbing and furnishing possible.

Our hopes go beyond this. More students will come to Hartshorn. There will be no addition to the number of teachers, and their burdens will increase. Unless the Lord give unusual wisdom and strength, needed work will be neglected, or teachers will break down under the strain. We greatly desire the prayers of the readers of this paper that the teachers may have help from above, and that the students may develop into the best kind of influential Christian women.

MARY A. TEFFT.

OAK BLUFFS, MASS., July 1, 1908.

From Spelman

IT was flood tide at Spelman in the second week of May. At the turn of the tide on Commencement Day, with a Bay of Fundy rush, the full became empty. Where are those whose ships then went sailing gayly to sea? And what of the places left vacant?

Vacation in the city schools of the South does not mean vacation in the rural districts. There cotton and corn rule. Every little finger must help in planting time; chopping cotton, or cutting out superfluous seedlings from the springing green rows by the width of a hoe, needs many helpers; the ripe fields with the pure white cotton bursting from the brown bolls claim the entire family; as to foddering time, no one can then be spared who is able to strip the green leaves from the cornstalks. To accommodate these conditions the five months of schooling decreed for Georgia are divided into two sessions, one embracing January, February and March, and the other in July and August.

So in midsummer, when the unusual traveler delights his eyes upon fair green fields of corn and cotton, instead of closing them in disappointment over the fall and winter aspect of solitary cornstalks each topped with a lonely dry ear, or of patches of awkward, withered cotton plants, with ragged, dingy, wind-torn left-overs, drooping from stiff branches, many of our Spelman girls are teaching in hot country schoolhouses, doing their best with their poor equipment.

Others are at domestic service, or helping their mothers with the home cooking or with laundry work, while store tending and office work, dressmaking, sewing, hat trimming, nursing, farming, all have their share of Spelman workers, each of whom is striving to be ready to continue her studies another term.

Where are the fifty Spelman teachers? They are scattered north, east, south and west. They are enjoying the society of kith and kin; they are recuperating from the strenuous days of exacting labor; they are seeing sights and hearing addresses; they are attending educational and religious conventions; they are rousing missionary enthusiasm in churches.

Three remain in Atlanta, for MacVicar Hospital and the office are open. The nurses are given vacations in turn, but sickness has no resting time, and the loss in efficiency through summer closing in the past has been so great that the hospital will receive patients all the summer. The dairy is in operation at a profit, and the vegetable garden is supplying the small summer table, and preparing for the fall hosts.

Miss Parsons, our traveling secretary, takes a vacation of only one month to visit her Halifax home, for the debt, incurred a year ago for boilers, is not yet paid, and other repairs and renovations which are sadly needed are at a standstill for lack of funds. The months that should see at Spelman mended plastering, fresh paint and new floors in our older buildings are passing idly away.

There is one imperative improvement in progress. A special donation of five hundred dollars for additional fire escapes through the American Baptist Home Mission Society will add to the peace of mind and safety of the occupants of Morgan and Morehouse Halls.

When October cools the air the tide will again pour into Spelman. I trust it will float the incomers upon a wave of prosperity.

LUCY H. UPTON.

WOLLASTON, MASS., June 29, 1908.

From Jackson

THOROUGHLY exhausted from the unusual pressure of work during the past year, caused by a larger enrollment than ever before, and two less on the teaching force on account of the debt of the Society, it is difficult to think at all about the year of service.

Perhaps the first thought that naturally comes is whether those in charge of a school really have any vacation or not. If the daily mail is an index, one would often say positively that they did not. Applications from prospective students, letters seeking a knowledge of the school and its expenses, letters from those who have studied at the school for years, asking about this or that, or for material for a talk on education, temperance or some line of Bible study, come so constantly, and require so much time and attention, that a complete vacation is impossible.

But the longer perspective, gained by distance from the field of labor, brings some thoughts that one scarcely has time to entertain amid the early and late, seven-day-a-week service of the school year.

In the first place the *results* of the work loom up before us. We think of students who came to us ignorant in mind and untrained in character who are now occupying positions of usefulness and influence. Some, even among those in the grammar grades, are teaching in communities where they are the undisputed *leaders* of the people. They not only teach during the week, but organize and teach the Sunday School as well. And how much greater is the influence of those who have a complete or even a partial academic training! They have an opportunity for usefulness far broader than that of any young people here in the North, because they are so much farther above the level of the mass of their people. A letter just received from one of our young lady graduates tells of her work as first assistant in a large school for negroes in Oklahoma, and another from a young man tells of his summer work as preacher and temperance lecturer. The sum total of the influence of all these Home Mission students can scarcely be estimated.

Vacation thoughts, however, are not always so pleasant. We cannot fail to think of students of less strength of character, those with whom the teachers have worked faithfully during the year, but who are still susceptible to the many temptations peculiar to their race. So we have sad letters telling of the downfall of this one, or the severe struggle of that one in a community with nothing to help, but everything to hinder, her from living up to the principles inculcated at school.

And this leads to my last vacation thought for today — the need, the urgent, crying need of home mission teachers who feel the intense responsibility of the work, and are willing to put their own lives close to the lives of these ignorant ones, and labor *tirelessly* for the upbuilding of their Christian character. We need home missionaries who enter the service for *life*, and who study the field and the pupils in order to do the greatest possible good. This is the standard for our Foreign Mission work. Why should it not be the same in the Home work?

ELLA M. BARRETT.

From Mather

HOW fair is the haze on our dear New England hills, after being surrounded by fields, low and level, where grow the yam, corn and cotton! Yet when at school never do I grow weary of turning to the horizon where the serrated lines of pines, oaks and cypress trees stand like sentinels guarding well our little world.

The last little cabin in our vicinity came down this year by order of the landowner. Our roadsides are fairer without these poor little shacks, but we miss the opportunity of helping the people in school and Sunday service.

You may be interested in the closing work of the year. Unique; because of the unusual history of the speaker. President Walker (white) of Paine College, Augusta, Ga., gave a most excellent address. Dr. Walker has stood for twenty-five years at the head of a splendid work for the negro, though Southern born and an ex-Confederate. Easy to see why we should be so interested in the man, his work and his words.

We had with us that evening, for the first time, white friends from Beaufort. Among them was our Baptist pastor, Rev. J. D. Huggins. He gave up a successful medical practice that he might minister from the pulpit. Mr. Huggins followed Dr. Walker with a short, but interesting and helpful talk. Chapel, classrooms and corridor were crowded by an attentive and orderly audience, among whom were nearly half the graduates who have left us in the previous years.

Should Mather School ever indulge in a coat of arms the central figure must surely be a *barrel*. Round many a rock, across many a shoal, figuratively, have these welcome gifts of New England led our work, till we find the school firmly established, with but a small debt which coming barrels will meet and leave a surplus for further improvements. It was a pleasing surprise when the preceptress of a woman's college assured us she had packed a barrel for Mather, and among the articles were twenty-five pairs of shoes. Shoes! They are one of our known quantities. They will amount to a barrel of flour for our hungry plantation girls.

A comfort are the barrels that bring the bedding, though we shall need less in this line the coming year.

A barrel would not be worth the mention, however, were there not a moral side to consider. Three years ago a dark, shy girl entered the boarding department. A congenital deformity of one eye added to the girl's sensitiveness as she realized her unattractive appearance. Tall for her age, and somewhere in the teens, Eloise bravely took her place among the little ones in the primary room. Two and one-half dollars per month was all her people could pay for board. The ubiquitous barrel put his hand in his pocket and met the remainder. You would have acknowledged it money well invested could you have heard Eloise sing the last evening of school. With clear, sweet voice she carried the obligato in a chorus from "Esther," and won, with sweet modesty, the honors of the hour.

With earnest prayers for our Father's blessing we look forward to the work of another year.

SARAH E. OWEN.

New England Secretary

We learn with pleasure that the American Baptist Home Mission Society has called Rev. J. E. Norcross of Jamaica Plain, Mass., to fill the office of District Secretary for New England. We shall rejoice if this important section can have such efficient leadership.—[ED.]

Surely we live in a day of missionary privilege. When before were there such inspirational opportunities? The church of the future is being splendidly trained for the great purpose of all the ages,—"the conquest of the world for Christ."

One of the True Experiences from the Life of a Missionary

ON a cot in one of the poorest homes you can imagine lies a young woman in the last stages of consumption.

The missionary on her rounds of house-to-house visitation has found the sufferer, and learns that she has never heard the simple Gospel story of salvation through Jesus only.

She has been taught to pray to the saints and to the Virgin Mary, and that the priest can forgive her sins, and many other things which are contrary to the teaching of God's Word. The Bible, indeed, is to her an unknown book. Never before has she heard that Jesus Christ is "the Way, the Truth and the Life," and that "there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."

The missionary lifts her heart to God as she realizes the peril of this precious soul, which must so soon pass into eternity, and the responsibility which rests upon her for its salvation.

She tells the "old, old story," just as simply as possible, but the sufferer cannot at first grasp its meaning; and indeed this new teaching is all so new to her that she does not yet know whether to accept it or not. She glances frequently from the missionary to her mother to know what her attitude may be toward this new message and the bearer of it. Unfortunately the mother, as far as her manner is concerned, seems perfectly skeptical, so the daughter receives no help from that source.

She listens, however, incredulously at first, but the Word of God is powerful, and little by little the light breaks in upon her. She fixes her eyes upon the missionary and listens more intently. Even the mother draws nearer to listen, and the unsympathetic smile has given place to an expression of seriousness.

The missionary's visits are frequent, and her messages must be brief and to the point, for the patient is gradually growing weaker, and there is no time to be lost. She reads and prays with the young woman, and sings to her, "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," and other songs which tell the simple Gospel story. She teaches her also a simple prayer and a Scripture verse or two as, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin," and "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." Even these simple truths must be explained to her, for she has never heard them before

God's word does not return unto Him void. It has become food to the now hungering soul of this young woman. Through it she has found that peace and joy which passeth understanding. With a radiant face she acknowledges the Saviour of the world as her only hope of salvation.

The end comes, but it is the end only of her earthly life, for her soul has gone to be with Him who is the "resurrection and the life." HATTIE A. GREENLAW.

Remember the needs of the treasury, like the poor, "are always with us." In these days of relaxation, keep in mind the $44,000 needed for the year, and note the small proportion that has, up to date, come to the treasury.

BY the death of Mrs. E. M. Milliken of Worcester, who passed from earth June 9, our Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society has met with a great loss. Although she has been unable to attend our Board meetings since January, we did not consider her dangerously ill, and the news of her home going came as a shock to a large circle of friends. For twenty years she has been a member of our Board of Directors, and by her strong and winsome personality she made a large place for herself in the hearts of her associates. She shrank from publicity, but when called upon suddenly to preside at our Board meetings in the absence of our chairman, she filled the position with grace and dignity. When physically strong, if we needed some one to present our work at basket meetings and circle gatherings, to help forward the cause she would consent to do it, and always with great acceptance. She felt she was not fitted for public speaking, but so many words came to the Secretary concerning her ability in this direction that when from failing health she was compelled to refuse such service it caused genuine regret. Mrs. Milliken was a woman of strong religious life. The extension of the Redeemer's Kingdom at home and abroad was the burden of her prayers. To her husband and daughter we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

As a Board of Directors we have been deeply bereaved during the past three years. Upon May 30, 1905, Mrs. L. B. Philbrick of Salem fell asleep. With us a few days before, we could not realize her loss until we were compelled to do without her in our work.

Upon June 8, 1906, Mrs. E. M. B. Winch of Westboro attended our Board meeting. She told of her plans for the summer and her interest in many phases of our work. Upon July 6, 1906, she left us for the Heavenly Home. We miss the tried and trusted workers. They have finished their course. May we who remain carry forward the work with courage and patience, remembering that some time we shall meet these dear ones, and also we shall see Him face to face "whom not having seen we love."

M. C. REYNOLDS.

Corresponding Secretary's Column

WHILE attending the Anniversaries it was my privilege to visit the Murrow Indian Orphans' Home at Unchuka, Okla., and see its opportunities and possibilities. Later I hope to give to our readers a brief history of this Home. It would be a wonderful privilege for some woman of large means to develop the natural resources of this orphanage. Bright, needy, homeless children among the Indians are waiting for Christian teaching and training. Little can be done however, without means to erect buildings and make the place comfortable.

The glimpses of the Indians seen during the meetings at Oklahoma City gave new interest to many who have never felt much sympathy with the red man. The word "Oklahoma" means "Red Man's Land." About one hundred and fifteen of these native peoples with the missionaries camped about one mile from Oklahoma City, and there were few sessions during the meetings when some of these Indian men and women were not seen on the floor or in the gallery. The missionaries of Oklahoma, supported by our Woman's Society, were with the Indians representing the various tribes; Mrs. Wilkin of Anadarko among the Wichitas, Mrs. King among the Arapahoes, and Mrs. Hicks among the Kiowas. It was a great pleasure to meet these faithful workers. We were also glad to meet other Indian workers, Mr. Clouse of Rainy Mountain, Mrs. Deyo of Taupa and Mrs. Hamilton of Watonga.

There are 5,000 Baptist Indians among the civilized Indians of Oklahoma. The work among the Blanket Indians began twenty-one years ago, when Rev. G. W. Hicks, a Cherokee Indian and a graduate of Rochester Theological Seminary, went among them. The Blanket Indian Association has 560 members, and had 240 baptisms last year. Friday afternoon and Sunday morning of the sessions were given over to the Indians. We do not believe the grace of God has been more clearly manifest in any mission work, at home or abroad, than among these Blanket Indians. Surely there can be no more self-sacrificing, efficient missionaries than are found among the leaders of these tribes. It was my privilege to go with Dr. and Mrs. Murrow, Mr. and Mrs. Hicks and Miss Reeside to the Kiowas in 1892, and have the first conference with these Indians, when they pleaded for a Jesus woman. Miss Reeside remained with this people and also Mr. and Mrs. Hicks. So rapidly has this work grown in sixteen years that four churches are now established among the Kiowas at Rainy Mountain, Elk Creek, Saddle Mountain and Red Stone. Mr. Clouse spoke for the Kiowas. He is an impressive speaker. During the sixteen years 289 persons have been converted. They have given $3,308 for their own work, and $2,381 for work outside of themselves. Mr. Deyo spoke for the Camanches. The church numbers 119 members, and eleven are waiting baptism. Then came the addresses of some of the Indians. Chief Lone Wolf was introduced. He had been a leader among

his people for forty years, and wanted them all civilized and Christianized. The first church of the Kiowas was organized in 1904 at Rainy Mountain, the next at Elk Creek, the third at Red Stone.

Chief Lone Wolf spoke as follows:

"Brothers and Sisters: About thirty-five years ago I did not know I was on the wrong road till the missionaries came and showed it to me. I am glad I am now saved, and on the Jesus road. Several years ago Brother Morehouse came to my house, I was head chief. Brother Morehouse wanted to send the Gospel. We were all sick, but the Gospel medicine made us well. We have among the Kiowas two or three churches, built by our own people."

Arapahoe John Chief spoke as follows:

"I hope you will all remember my name. There were no missionaries among my people until lately. Before they came I did not know what to do to lead my people into the light of the Jesus road. When missionaries came I took my stand and did lead. Since then the work is going on fine among my people. I gave part of my land to build a church for our people to worship in."

The Kiowas sang one of their hymns, "In the Good Old Way."

Philip Cook, the first native preacher among the Cheyennes, then spoke briefly. Deacon Buffalo, who was for thirty years chief, was taken as a prisoner to Florida and held at St. Augustine for five years, spoke of his joy in being in the Jesus road.

Rev. F. L. King, of the Arapahoe Indians, then told of his work. "For seven years," he said, "I worked without a baptism. For the last three years I have been gathering results. When I first arrived on the field I was asked by an old Indian, 'What have you come for?' I answered, 'To preach the Gospel.' I am still there for that purpose." Fifty of these Indians have been converted.

Chief Left Hand, seventy years old, spoke as follows:

"I stand before you in the new life of Jesus. These hands I once used to scalp and kill people. I now use them to work for Jesus. I have been saved one and a half years, so am a babe in the new life."

Many were surprised to find the red man so genial, sunny and talkative. It has been said that an Indian baby never cries. Those who attended the Anniversaries at Oklahoma City know better. The babies of the Christian Indians cry even when the great men of the Northern Baptist Convention are giving their most awe-inspiring addresses.

One Indian in a poetic vein said: "When I was young I took some medicine, and it locked up my heart, but when the Spirit came He opened my heart, and it became like a bright silver dollar fresh from the mint."

No less picturesque and inspiring was the symposium of workers among the Indian women at the meeting of the Women's Baptist Home Mission Society. The neat appearance of these women and their self-poised, quiet manners showed the value of mission work.

Mrs. Maggie Topping, who has worked two and a half years at Saddle Mountain, and now has been alone there for ten months, introduced some of her Indians, who said in substance, "We are only poor Indians, but love Jesus, and we want to do what He wants us to do." The whole band sang one of the hymns written for them by their Deacon Gotebo.

Mrs. E. C. Deyo was introduced as the worker among the Comanches. Two girls of the tribe sang "The Sweet By and By" in Comanche. She said the Indians live from six to fourteen miles from the church, and it is difficult for them to attend services in bad weather. Two of her women spoke in their own tongue while she interpreted. One was Mrs. Maddox, the President of the Woman's Society. She said her heart was warm to be in the Jesus house and meet so many of Jesus' people — her spiritual kindred. She wants everybody saved.

Miss Mary Jayne represented the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, having been among them twelve years. She introduced Mrs. Prairie Woman, the "chief" of the Woman's Society. She says she has come to learn how to do things that she may make her own society better.

Miss Alice Steer represented the Seminoles. She has been in the work since 1898, teaching and giving the girls a real knowledge of the Bible.

Miss Abigail Johnson represented the Hopis of the Sunlight Mission, the land of the great water-snake and of two hundred gods. We are told that there are no heathen in America. Two hundred gods would seem to indicate idolatry. Seventeen Hopis have been baptized and a missionary pastor is promised.

But while we rejoice at the professing Christians among these Indians, the great majority of these tribes are yet unevangelized. Ghost dances, medicine men, mescal feasts must be given up, all the traditions of their fathers must be ignored. We need to pray for these people, and for the gifted, self-denying, consecrated missionaries among them.

M. C. Reynolds.

We are pleased to announce the safe arrival of Rev. and Mrs. George A. Learn and Margaret in Kodiak, Alaska.

Mr. Learn writes, as he is about to leave the steamer, of the very pleasant impressions already received.

Let us pray for these new workers, as they take up the service for our King in this needy portion of our land, and let us continue to remember the faithful workers, Rev. and Mrs. Curtis P. Coe, who have so recently laid down the work at the Orphanage. Their many friends in the States will be interested to know of the appointment of Mr. Coe as principal of the Commercial and Preparatory departments of McMinnville College, McMinnville, Ore.

Speaking of the splendid work of Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, in Labrador, the *Outlook* has the following to say, which might be appropriately applied to some of our workers:

"Builders of empire once were soldiers; in these days they seem to be men of commerce and financiers. There is one empire-builder, who though he fights and directs business enterprises, is neither soldier nor trader. People call him a missionary. He cures men's ills, he helps men out of their difficulties, he gives men opportunities of livelihood, he establishes industries."

The American Baptist Home Mission Society

Editorial Notes

AT a recent meeting of the Mexican church in Monterey, Mexico, a poor man presented himself for membership, and related the following remarkable experience: A number of years ago, while working for a wealthy landowner, he happened to overhear a conversation between a minister and his master. The faithful servant of God was presenting the gospel, and urging the man to give his heart to the Saviour; but he refused to receive the message, and, some time after, died without hope. The poor workman, knowing the circumstances, was deeply impressed by the sad death and said, "I will not die like that." And recalling the truth he had overheard, with no one to guide him, he became obedient to the Divine word, and acting in simple faith, gave his heart to God, and began a life of prayer. Verily the word of God is "living and powerful," and "the little child" enters into the Kingdom.

THE Home Mission text-book for study classes this next year deals with a subject of great fascination — the Frontier. The volume is not yet in print, but several chapters of it will be in readiness for the Silver Bay Conference, and the book is promised for September classes. The author is Dr. Ward Platt, Secretary of the Home Board of the Methodist Episcopal Church. If he draws a lifelike picture of the missionaries who have done the pioneer work in our country, the work will be of thrilling interest. In this number we give a sketch of a frontier missionary home by a Congregational writer, and this may serve as a sort of introduction to the new book. Out of these same missionary homes have come some of the finest characters our land has known, and these homes have been centers of the best life of the nation. All honor to the women who as wives and mothers made such homes possible!

THE Young Men's Christian Association is entering the field in behalf of the immigrants. The International Committee has undertaken to furnish tracts along the lines of citizenship to incoming men, and the Pennsylvania State body has sent a company of six young men to European lands to study the peoples at home, learn foreign languages, and come back to engage in work among the various nationalities with which they have become familiar. All this is work in the right direction. The churches must engage in this personal work also, and see to it that their responsibility is met. The field for personal Christian service in America is so large that every Christian can find something to do in it. When every Christian actually does find something to do and does it, the revival of true religion will be upon us, and the church will arise and shine in the robes of righteousness.

ONE of the great incidental advantages of missionary interest is that the subject is broad, and takes one out of narrow bounds. The missionary enterprise encircles the globe. The missionary enthusiast has a world horizon. The missionary worker cannot be localized. It means much to life to have a comprehensive human interest and concern. Beware of a narrow life. To avoid it, cherish a cosmopolitan spirit. This does not mean to neglect the local circle and concerns; but it does mean that one shall not become absorbed in the local circle to the exclusion of the great world outside. A real interest in home and foreign missions is sure to broaden the horizon and deepen the sympathies. For many people the first step towards happiness and usefulness alike is to get the eyes off of self.

MORMONISM is a missionary religion and one of the most active and thriving. Report from London states that the Mormon Church there has bought a $100,000 edifice in a prominent place and is a center of missionary activity, with a large staff of missionary workers spreading the false religion through the capital and the country and deluding many. A letter from Cascade, Iowa, tells how the Mormon elders have come to town, seven in a body, and held street meetings day and evening, attracting general attention. All through the West not only, but in the East as well, the Mormons are making proselytes. We must meet them with missionary zeal, and overcome their error with the gospel truth.

MEXICO is now attracting unusual interest. Many are questioning what the fate of the Republic will be when there is no longer a leader like Diaz at the head of the government. The missionary outlook is most inviting. There is a wide open door for Protestantism, if our people are in earnest. The dialogue elsewhere given indicates what the Baptists are doing in the neighbor Republic. We might be doing vastly more if we had the means.

There are a great many church members who are hobbling about on crutches. They can just make out that they are saved, and imagine that is all that constitutes a Christian in this nineteenth century. As far as helping others is concerned, that never enters their heads. They think if they can get along themselves they are doing amazingly well. They have no idea what the Holy Ghost wants to do through them. — *D. L. Moody.*

The Home Missions Council

A STEP of very unusual significance has recently been taken by the Home Mission Boards of the various denominations of our country. Feeling the need of closer conference and coöperation, last fall a few representatives of these Boards met, and having adopted a tentative plan of action, invited the coöperation of the other Boards in the formation of a "Home Missions Council." The responses were very gratifying, and before the winter was past the Home Mission Boards of the following denominations had formally signified their desire for membership in this organization: Baptist, Congregational, Episcopal, Lutheran, Methodist Episcopal, Methodist Protestant, Presbyterian North, Presbyterian South, Reformed Church in America, United Presbyterian.

Others have signified their intention of joining the movement, and it is expected that with the beginning of another fall practically the entire organized home-mission forces of evangelical churches will be united in this new bond. The organization is designed to include not merely Home Mission Boards, technically so called, but all denominational organizations engaged in doing any type of home-mission work.

The affairs of the Council are under the direction of an Executive Committee of fifteen, of which the President is the Rev. Charles L. Thompson, D.D., Secretary of the Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church, and the Secretary, Rev. J. Brownlee Voorhees, Secretary of the Board of Domestic Missions of the Reformed Church in America.

One of the first things decided upon by the Council was the calling of a conference to consider the interests of religious work among the immigrant populations. This was held February 20. In an all day and evening session four chief things were discussed: the education of workers, the enlistment of English-speaking churches for the care of foreigners at their doors, coöperation among the denominations in this branch of endeavor, and the nature and needs of the missionary work at Ellis Island. The conference was attended by about one hundred persons, ranging in residence from Boston to Chicago.

The Executive Committee have recently decided upon a plan of joint presentation of the home-mission cause in the leading cities of the country at some time during the coming winter. It is proposed to hold a series of conventions, each running over the better part of two days, in which the saving of our nation shall be presented in the most inclusive and comprehensive way possible and without any reference to denominational lines or requirements, except that on the final evening of the convention denominational meetings will be held. It is believed that there will be a prompt and enthusiastic response from the people to such mode of presentation. The secretaries and Boards of the various home-mission organizations are profoundly convinced that the time has come when a closer coöperation, both in the presentation of the work and in its prosecution, is not only desirable but in a larger degree than ever before feasible. They are hoping and expecting that along these lines of closer fellowship it will be possible not only to do their work more economically, but to attain a degree of effectiveneness and an enlistment of means and of workers commensurate with the overshadowing importance of the ends sought.

Evangelizing the Indians

By REV. T. C. CARLTON

State Evangelist for Oklahoma

A MEETING of twelve days at the Cherokee Baptist Academy at Tahlequah, Okla., resulted in twenty-five confessions of faith, thirteen of them Indians. I held two services a day with the students, and frequently met with the faculty for prayer and to consider interest of the meeting, besides uniting with the Christian students to help them in personal work. The Lord blessed the work, and a profound impression for good was made on students and faculty. One of the teachers said she was "all made over again," another was strengthened in her purpose to work for the Lord and the lost. A fine young man decided for Christ, and said none of his people were Christians, and that he never knew any of his name to be Christians. The faculty say they never taught a brighter mind. There were 215 students in this school, and 156 of them Indians, nearly all of them from unreligious homes. If these people are not saved in these Christian schools they will hardly be saved.

I preached also at the Cherokee National Female Seminary to 180 bright, intelligent Cherokee girls, and the faculty of 10 excellent teachers, some of them Cherokees. There were 53 confessions of faith, besides 8 that decided for Christ at the Baptist church. Other conversions at the church brought the number in these Tahlequah meetings to 90, and 74 of them were Indians. The Cherokees are the poorest of the five civilized tribes, but the most progressive and best educated. Perhaps the best school building in the State is this Cherokee National Female Seminary building, which cost about $100,000 and is supported at a cost of about $12,000 a year.

I held a meeting, also, at Wewoka, Okla., the capital of the Seminole nation. Jackson Brown is a Seminole and the biggest in town. He is also a Baptist preacher and preaches at a Seminole church, out in the country, besides being the principal supporter of the white Baptist church in Wewoka. He has been also the largest contributor to our general work, giving $500 a year sometimes.

I held meetings recently at Ponco City. There are many Poncos and Osages near here. This town was full of saloons and drunkards when I was here a year ago, but now it is sober and orderly, thanks to prohibition statehood.

It may not be ours to utter convincing arguments, but it may be ours to live holy lives. It may not be ours to be subtle and learned and logical, but it may be ours to be noble and sweet and pure.—*Frederick W. Farrar.*

Baptist Missions in Mexico

By HOWARD B. GROSE, D.D.

Q. Has the American Baptist Home Mission Society any missions in Mexico?

A. Yes, the Society has been carrying on work there since 1870.

Q. What were the beginnings of this work?

A. The first Protestant minister to enter Mexico was Rev. James Hickey, a Baptist of Irish descent, in 1861. He found willing listeners, made converts and organized a Baptist church in Monterey in 1864. Thus the Baptists were the first to bring the glorious news of salvation to the country providentially opened to it. The Home Mission Society appointed Thomas M. Westrup, a young Englishman, as its first missionary to Mexico, in 1870. Several native missionaries were presently employed, and in 1883 a mission was established in the City of Mexico. The capital is the most difficult place in which to do Protestant missionary work, as it is the center both of the Roman Catholic influence and of the distracting social life of the Republic. We have established a church with a good property, and at present the work is making satisfactory progress. One year ago we began a work for the large English-speaking population in the capital, estimated at fully 10,000. An American church has been organized and is sustaining a pastor without help from the Home Mission Society.

Q. Have we any missions outside of Mexico City in the vicinity?

A. In connection with the church at Mexico City we have five out-stations, one of them at Guadalupe, five miles from the capital, where the famous shrine of the Virgin draws the Catholic pilgrims by the tens of thousands. Under the very shadow of the famous cathedral, which cost more than $5,000,000, the Society has built an attractive chapel, which is filled every Sunday and on week-day evenings. At Mixcoac, another suburb, a new mission has been established, with Vicento R. Pimentel, a converted Catholic priest, in charge. The conversion of Father Pimentel created much excitement among his former parishioners. He is a descendant of one of the oldest and best known families in the Republic, and was for twenty-seven years a priest. He was prominently named as candidate for bishop. For many years he questioned the teachings and practices of the Romish Church, and finally sought the acquaintance of our missionary superintendent, Rev. G. H. Brewer, who instructed him in the New Testament teachings. In December, 1907, he publicly renounced his Roman Catholicism, and was baptized by Mr. Brewer. He is now devoting himself to our missionary work, and his influence among his people is very great.

Q. What other Baptist missions have we?

A. We have missions in Puebla, San Luis Potosi and Aguascalientes, all important places. Then in the north of Mexico, in the State of Nuevo Leon, we have our most vigorous work, including nine churches, ten out-stations and nearly 1,000 church members. At Monterey, one of the most beautiful cities on the American continent, the Baptist meeting-house is altogether too small to hold the people who wish to attend the services. There is great need for a new house of worship, more conveniently located. There are many Americans in Monterey, and it is likely that we shall organize an American Baptist church there as well as in Mexico City. The Society also purposes to maintain a theological school in Monterey. Ten bright young men are already studying for the ministry. This gives our work a new position and permanence in Mexico.

Q. Are we doing any other educational work?

A. There are two schools and six teachers, supported by the women's societies, and these societies also sustain nine women missionaries who do a most excellent work in the homes of the people.

Q. What are the facts concerning our work as a whole in Mexico?

A. Including the missionary work of the Southern Baptist Convention, which began in 1880, the Baptists have missions in 17 States of the Republic of Mexico and in the federal district. There are 67 organized churches, with 2,307 members; 29 houses of worship valued at $279,850; school property valued at $80,250. There are 52 Sunday Schools with reported enrollment of 1,726; and 72 mission stations besides the churches. Thirty churches, in 1908, reported 194 baptisms, and 24 churches contributed $2,950 for pastors' salaries, $3,180 for general expenses, and $963 for missions.

Three periodicals are published. Thus it is evident that Baptists are making steady advance in Mexico, and that there is spiritual life and energy and power to bring things to pass on the part of the native Christians; in other words, that Christianity has taken root and is bearing fruit in Mexico.

Q. What are the immediate needs of this inviting field?

A. More American missionaries; houses of worship for congregations meeting in uninviting rented premises; a girls' boarding school in the City of Mexico, and a training school for native preachers. For these purposes $100,000 is required at the outset; annual expense thereafter about $15,000. The Home Mission Society needs $30,000 a year for Mexico to do its work effectively.

Q. What is the outlook for Protestant effort?

A. Most hopeful, if the work can be enlarged so as to meet the needs. The Mexicans must be made to feel that Protestants are in earnest and willing to sustain a large movement.

Q. What is the duty of American Baptists?

A. Our needy neighbor has first claim upon us. All Christendom assails Oriental paganism; millions of semi-pagans in Mexico are left to us alone. From Mexico we took large territory, paying a paltry sum therefor; shall we not impart spiritual blessings? She had our decisive moral support in the overthrow of the Papal Empire; shall we not help in her religious emancipation? She has our type of government; shall she have our type of Christianity? Mexico must be evangelized, if at all, by Christians of our own favored land.

"Here is our neighbor, pass not by,
Like priest and Levite long ago;
Have pity; help; ring out the cry,—
Prayers, means and men for Mexico."

The Home Missionary Home

By REV. T. D. DOUGLASS, D.D.

PRESIDENT JULIAN M. STURTEVANT of Illinois College, in an address before the American Home Missionary Society in 1853, gives us a perfect picture of the home missionary home.

He says: "I will not go to Carlyle for heroes, or to the battlefield. I will go to the cabins of the missionaries in the far-West, and there I shall find often one of the noblest spectacles on earth. I shall not find a wretched family. I may find coarse fare. I may find hard toil, and, for this world, poor pay; but I will find a cheerful, joyous, gladsome family, where it will do my heart good to commune with the precious spirit that encircles it and dwells in it. The sacrifice of the home missionary is for the most part an uncomplaining sacrifice. Their communications are dispatches from the regular army. They deal with the cause and not with the man. Their own privations are not to be reported."

This is a faithful and true copy of many a missionary home. There is coarse fare, of course, and scanty supply in this home, rough floors and bare floors and rag carpets, and furniture made out of boxes, etc. With the salary $600 or $500 or $400 or less, how could it be otherwise? Julius A. Reed reports that the salary of "Father Turner" for at least ten years after coming to Iowa was only $300; and that at one time the part of it paid by the people was two years in arrears; and he adds, "I have seen his children more than once making their supper wholly of stewed pumpkins and milk." In 1841 a missionary writes: "We have not only been short of provisions, but we have been absolutely destitute some portion of the time. For two or three months you might have seen our table spread with not a solitary article of food but bread and potatoes and a little salt; and our poor horses, which served us so faithfully on our long journey from Vermont, were doomed to live simply on the leaves of the forest, till one died of actual starvation, and the other became so emaciated that I sold him for a trifle." This is ancient history, but the scant table still is common. I have been guest in a family of an even dozen where the principal dish at dinner was the thinnest kind of bean soup, but we had "lots of fun," and the dinner was served with a touch of pomp and ceremony — more pomp than provender — the hostess managing to make three courses of that scanty meal.

To every home comes real distress, misfortune, sickness, death; and the missionary home is not exempt. Ellis, of Jacksonville, Ill., Agent of the Home Missionary Society, went out on a missionary tour; he returned to find his whole family dead and buried, swept away by the dread disease, the cholera. Elijah P. Lovejoy was murdered by a proslavery mob down there at Alton; and more than one missionary out here in the Middle West has "had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings," their barns and stacks of grain and hay burned, and their homes threatened.

The missionary has his trials, but he makes light of them. There is no whining in the missionary home — or almost none. In all my experience I remember only one whining missionary. Here is one of his letters: "I am in a desperate condition. I am perhaps on the hardest field in our church. To seek to win men to heaven and at the same time to see your family suffering need is indeed a trying position. We cannot go further. This is not a threat, but the cry for help from a father of a family. There is no money in the house, and there is no credit. Both of my children have been sick for a week, but I have not been able to get a physician to this day, because I do not know with what to pay him. I write these lines with a bleeding heart." Did I hasten to the relief of this man? Indeed, I did not. A novice might have been moved by the appeal, but a tough, old, seasoned secretary could easily detect the whine and the sham. He soon dropped out of missionary service because not worthy of the high position.

To the true home missionary home the ravens of God are frequent visitors. No distress that can be reached by human sympathy and love is suffered long in this home. When the clothing of the family is becoming threadbare, here comes the home missionary box! And there is a big time in that household! Mrs. Matron Sedate now living over in Nebraska, do you remember the box coming to an Iowa parsonage, and that you, a lass of twelve, tried on every article of clothing, including the trousers of your brothers, and pronounced each garment "a perfect fit," "a perfect fit"?

I spent a Sunday, about the coldest of a decade, in one of our missionary homes. The two nights I was there the missionary sat up to feed the little stove, which cost $1.50, to keep the house from freezing up. Do you suppose that little miserable excuse for a stove was allowed to remain in that house? Within two days a splendid heater was installed in its place, and the missionary, too, could lie down and sleep.

At the table of a missionary the good lady excused the tea; there was no milk for it. "We are building a church," she said, "and we have sold our cow to help on the work." Do you suppose that cow did not come back to the parsonage barn? The next Sunday, in my old parish, I told the story of the cow in the meeting-house. After taking a collection of $200, Senator Sweney arose and said, "I think now we should proceed to take a collection and get that cow out of the meeting-house, for she has been there long enough." So we took a collection of $31.60 and got the cow out of the meeting-house.

But here is distress indeed: A young man, thirty-five years of age, with wife and six children, stricken down in a moment with paralysis complete and incurable. What can be done? Must the family be broken up? The Iowa Home Missionary Society comes to the rescue with its Relief Fund to the amount of $300 a year. But, driven from one shack to another, the family needs a house. "Shall we not provide a home, raising fresh funds for the purpose?" "Do you think you can do it? Then go ahead," said the Executive Committee. Within a month it was done, and the family installed in a comfortable house; and now, after ten years of aid, the chil-

dren have brought the household to self-support. No home missionary home is long left comfortless.

But the missionary home is more than comfortable; oftentimes it is hilarious. It is not only not wretched, it is "cheerful, joyous, gladsome." It is often a "house of mirth." There is in it laughter, and song, and instrumental music, and conundrum, and story, and repartee, and good reading, and all the accessories and essentials of a happy home. I know, for I have been there a hundred times, and a hundred times.

Better yet, the missionary home is one of affluence, opulence, abounding in good things. It is quite apt to be "a *full* house." I visit sometimes a home missionary family where there are eight girls, and each girl has a brother. How many children are there? I often wonder how that other missionary with ten children, on a salary of $600, can provide for them all and keep out of debt. But he does it, and two or three of the children have been to college, and two or three of them are in college now.

The missionary home abounds in love and the spirit of sacrifice. We got the cow out of the meeting-house, but she has been back several times since. Here is a missionary who allows himself only twelve meals a week. I storm at him in my expostulations, but he quietly responds, "Daughter working her way through college. I must help her."

Go to any of our colleges in the Middle West, and there you will find our home missionary children, and you will find them in the front rank in character and scholarship. And, later on, you will find them in their own households; and in banks, and stores, and schools, and offices, and mission fields at home and abroad, and college and university pulpits and professorships, and high offices of state, and all sorts of positions of power and influence. I know, for I have seen them grow from babyhood up into these high stations, and I could give you names and dates and particulars. There is no better starting place for a grand career than the threshold of a home missionary home.

Still I plead for the home missionary home, that its burdens be somewhat lightened and its children have a way not quite so rugged. Some years ago a lady wrote me. I have forgotten her name and place of residence. I tried to forget and I have succeeded. Her letter was of this fashion: "I want to help a missionary, but it must be a case of real need; the family living on an earth floor and the wife barefooted and the children barefooted; a case of real need." Shame on that woman! Shame on this mean conception of the home missionary service! But is it not to a great extent the popular conception?

I plead for the home missionary home; that in this grandest of all great enterprises, it be royally supported and thoroughly furnished for its great work. — *Home Missionary.*

The waters of God's blessings flow downward, and he who would drink them must stoop.— *Selected.*

Chief Left Hand's Testimony

MISSIONARY F. L. KING of Watonga, Okla., sends a report of Chief Left Hand's talk after he got home from the meetings at Oklahoma City. The old man was a conspicuous figure and had a blessed time. In telling of it he said:

"I went to Oklahoma City to learn how to be a better Christian. I wanted to make a plea for the prayers of the Christian people that there may be more Christians in the Arapahoe tribe. I feel as if I had been all over the world because I shook hands with people from all over the world. This convention helped me. I want that we have just one religion among my people, and that to be this Christ religion. When I was a young man I thought there was no sin, anything looked good. When I ran upon my enemies and killed many it pleased me and I did not know that it was a sin. But from what I have seen and learned it was all sin. God has spared me to live and walk in this Jesus road. I was spared and not killed in many battles, that in this road I might be an example for the others to follow Jesus."

Then Left Hand told the Christian Arapahoes of his meeting Rev. T. K. Tyson at Oklahoma City, and said that Tyson's life had been full of sin just like his own, and afterwards had repented. He told of how he had fought with him, and that now they were brothers, and said that they had kissed each other.

Then he spoke of the coming Association among the Arapahoes. He said that there was only one way that our Association can be made a success. "Look to the Jesus road and pray that we may have Jesus in our hearts. Do not think of the heathen religions and other things, but from this on think of Jesus. I wish that with the help of Jesus we all may follow this Road of Light. But there is another road, the Road of Sin, in which there are many evils. We, as Christians, ought to keep in this Light Road. Brothers and sisters, we ought to try to be strong Christians and by doing that we keep away from all wicked habits, especially in our Association. If all were Christians in this world Jesus would come tomorrow.

"Among the Indian churches represented at Oklahoma City our Arapahoe church seemed to be the smallest. We ought to try to have more members in our church. During these coming meetings if I could see with my eyes I would go out and urge the people to become Christians. It has been my plan all of my life to carry out to the end whatever I undertook, and now I am a Christian and I am going to carry this out to the end. There are only a few of us who are Christians. When our meetings begin let us all think that we will work for Jesus. Let the men and women work with glad hearts. The meetings will only be a short time, only three or four days. During our meetings be careful of what you say. Even if there is only one that comes forward we ought to be thankful. I wish that there might be a good feeling in the camp all of the time, and that nothing may come in to disturb the meeting."

Our Little Folks

THE LITTLE NURSE

The Little Nurse

IT was such a hot, tired day, and everything was so very, very quiet. The only sounds one could hear were the hum of the bees and the singing of the locusts. Oh, those locusts, just to hear them made one uncomfortable!

Mother was very, very ill, so ill that a specialist had come out from town in a big red automobile and had stayed and stayed, and everyone had looked so very, very grave, and the nurses had seemed to glide here and there, very rapidly and noiselessly, and they, too, looked troubled.

Everyone loved mother. Instinctively she drew people to her, and now that she was sick, everyone wanted to do something for her.

So it happened that Eleanor was left much to herself, because everyone was so busy, and on this hot afternoon she thought of many, many things, and then she, too, was troubled.

First, it was the old, old question, "If her mother was so good, and everyone agreed that she was, why did she suffer so?" Eleanor reached about the same solution that most people do who try to reason out this phase of life and experience.

Second, why could the nurses do so much more for her mother than anyone else? Was it because of the funny little caps, and the striped dresses they wore, with the white, white aprons? Eleanor liked the dresses, and she had told her aunt that the world would be so much prettier if all the ladies dressed like that.

On this subject Eleanor had a long, long thought, and with so much thinking came a great desire to wear a dress like theirs. Perhaps if she had a dress like them she might be as good as they were.

Now, next to her devoted parents, little Eleanor loved Emma, who had lived with Eleanor's mother since Eleanor was a tiny baby, and to Emma she went with her great desire.

Of course, Emma was, like all the rest of the household, very busy, but she had never yet refused a request from her "Hun," and she promised to do her best in this matter. Therefore it was not long before there was ready for the wearer a complete and very attractive nurse's costume.

As the pleased and grateful little girl donned the dress, she thought of the Sunday-school lesson of a recent Sunday, in which they had learned of Jesus healing a great many people who were ill, and Eleanor just longed for such a multitude that she might do something for them.

There was no multitude, however, and mother was too ill to see her little daughter, so the only one to whom Eleanor could direct her ministrations was her much beloved doll, Hester. Therefore the long-suffering Hester was constrained to take all sorts of medicine and submitted to all kinds of plasters and lotions.

It was not very much pleasure, however, giving medicine to a doll who absolutely refused to swallow it, and whose face, therefore, was so hard to clean. The plasters left her body all wet, and she did not get dry for such a long time. So Eleanor grew tired of what she had fondly hoped would be a very happy way to spend the time, and wondered what she could do to help make the sad old world a bit brighter. She did not put it in just that way, but that was really the gist of her thought.

All things have an end, however, and the serious illness of Eleanor's mother at last came to an end. A happy ending it was, too, for the doctor said she had now every assurance of complete recovery.

Of course, the first desire of the dear mother's heart was to see the dear little girl who had been so patient during the dark and trying days.

Emma saw that the nurse's costume was freshly laundered, and father said one morning to mother, "I have brought you a new nurse. I hope you will like her, she comes very highly recommended." Then he ushered Eleanor into the room, and you can imagine the surprise of mother when she recognized her own little girl.

After that as long as mother was obliged to keep her room, the "new nurse" was very faithful and efficient, and mother afterwards declared that she gained faster under her attentions than when she had the services of the other nurses, faithful as they were

The little dress was always kept as a souvenir of Eleanor's desire to be of service in the world, and if you go to her house now I have no doubt she will be delighted to show it to you.

One to Carry

I've learned to put together
The figures on my slate;
The teacher calls it "adding,"
And I like it first rate.
There's one queer thing about it,
Whenever you get ten,
You have to "carry one," she says,
And then begin again.
That's what we do with pennies;
When I have ten, you see,
I "carry one" to Jesus,
Who's done so much for me.

— *Missionary Day Spring.*

The Little Blackberry Girl

BLACKBERRIES! Blackberries! Blackberries!" We had been sitting in the patent swing under the big maple trees in our yard a long time, trying to get cool that hot day, Mary Fisher and I, when we heard a shrill cry.

"Who's that?" said Mary, looking toward the dusty highway, down which was trudging a little girl in a faded calico dress, pink sunbonnet and with bare feet.

"That's the little blackberry girl," I said. "She comes round every year selling berries of all kinds. She's the queerest thing you ever saw; just like a little old woman. If mother was home I suppose she'd buy some."

"Where does she live?" asked Mary.

"I don't know." I made answer carelessly, for I was not a bit interested and didn't want Mary to be. "I never asked her. I don't even know her name. She just comes and goes, and every one calls her the little blackberry girl. Don't look at her, or she will want you to buy."

"Well, why not?" asked Mary. "I have some money. I'd just as lief get some as not. I love blackberries. Call her in, Sadie. I want to talk to her. And she looks tired, too. If we're uncomfortable, what must she be?"

I didn't like it one little bit, but there was nothing else to do, for Mary Fisher was my visitor that I prized very highly, so I did as she requested. I called to the little blackberry girl and told her to come in.

"Did you want some berries?" she asked, smiling all over her face. Even her eyes smiled. I had never noticed it before. I had thought her very plain, but she really did look very pretty indeed.

"I want some," said Mary. "I dearly love them, and these are so very nice. Where do you get them?"

"On the side of the mountain, Miss. There's a sight of 'em grows there."

"And these must have been picked this morning," said Mary. "They look so nice and fresh.

"They were, Miss. I was up before four to get at the berries."

"Before four! I don't see how you can do it. Where do you live?"

"Down near the old stone mill. It's quite a little step up the mountain, but I like the walk in the early morning. Everything seems so happy and bright, and the air is so full of the singing of the birds. I love to go after berries."

"I shouldn't think you would," I said. "Just see how the briers scratch up your hands and feet."

"Oh, that's nothing at all," she said, cheerfully. "I never feel the scratches, and they're gone in a day or two. I just think how many nickels and dimes I am going to get for them. That pays for all the scratches."

"Don't you wish sometimes," Mary said, "that you were rich and could live in a fine house like this and wear nice clothes and do just as you please?"

"No, I don't think so," was the laughing reply. "You see, I was made to work hard, and I shouldn't know what to do with myself if I couldn't, and mother says labor is one of the greatest blessings in the world."

"Wait a minute," I said, as she rose to go. "I know mamma would buy your berries if she were here, so I'll take them." And, feeling very generous, I made her empty her basket, and while I went to put them away I had Mary bring her out some cake and iced lemonade.

"I'll tell mother I've been to a party," she said, as she gayly trudged toward home. "And it is so fine that I sold all my berries so soon. Now I can go straight home and help her iron." And away she went briskly down the road.

Mary and I looked at each other shamefacedly. We had done nothing but grumble all day about the heat and the dullness and everything, and here was this little girl actually jolly over having to work.

"Sadie," said she at last, "let's get to work at something. I am just ashamed of myself. What ails us is perfect idleness. I've learned a lesson from the little blackberry girl. The idea of her being contented with her life and our grumbling at ours!"

— *Baptist Boys and Girls.*

Which?

Here are two little hands.
What can they do —
Good things or bad things
The whole day through?
Helping or hindering —
Which of the two?

Here are two little feet.
Where have they run —
Into the shadow or
Into the sun?
Helping or hindering —
Which have they done?

Here are two little lips.
What can they say —
Glad words or cross words
Through the whole day?
Helping or hindering —
Now, which are they? — *Selected.*